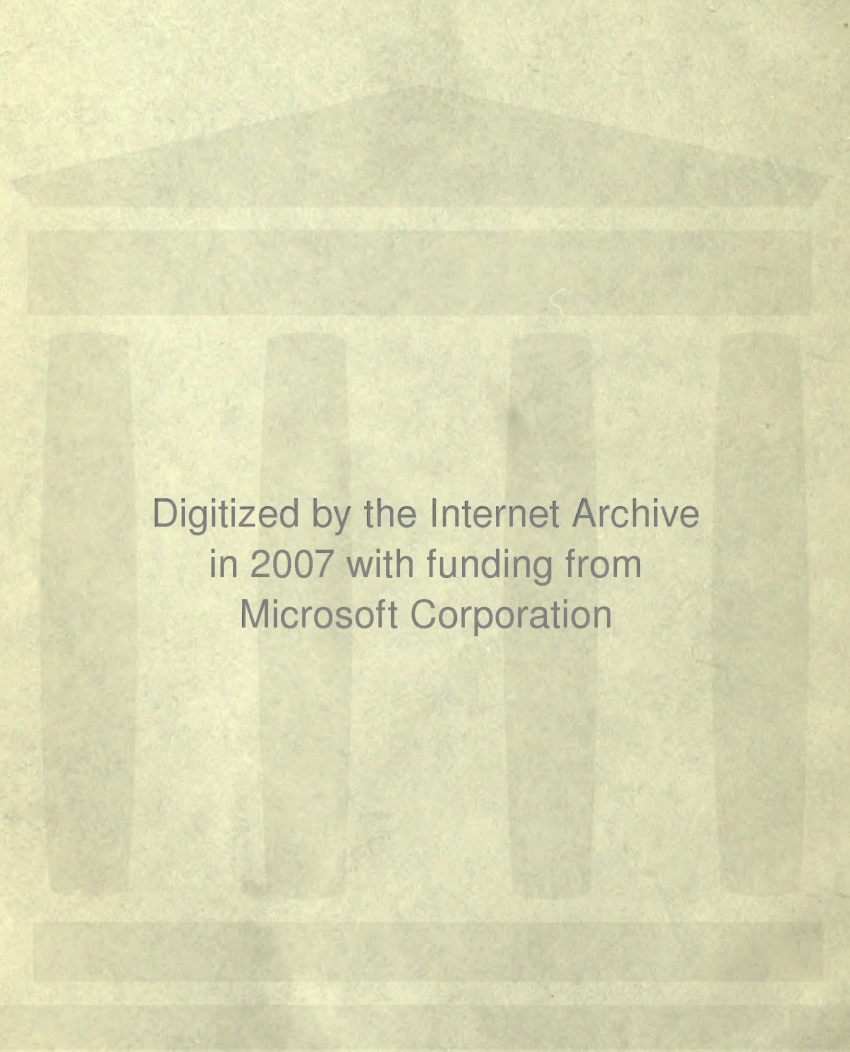


Samhain; an occasional review
1905

PN
2600
S3
1905
Nov.

Samhita. An occasional
edited by W. B. Yeats

Published in November 1905
by Messrs. & Co., Ltd.
and by A. H. Bullen.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Samhain : An occasional
review edited by W. B. Yeats.

No. 5,



Published in November 1905
by Maunsel & Co., Ltd.,
and by A. H. Bullen.

635700

17. 5. 56

PRINTED BY
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,
DUBLIN.

PN

2600.

S3

1905

Nov.

Notes and Opinions.

I.

OUR first season at the Abbey Theatre has been tolerably successful. We drew small audiences, but quite as big as we had hoped for, and we end the year with a little money. On the whole we have probably more than trebled our audiences of the Molesworth Hall. The same people come again and again, and others join them, and I do not think we lose any of them. We shall be under more expense in our new season, for we have decided to pay some of the company and send them into the provinces, but our annual expenses will not be as heavy as the weekly expenses of the most economical London manager. Mr. Philip Carr, whose revivals of Elizabethan plays and old comedies have been the finest things one could see in a London theatre, spent £300 and took £12 during his last week; but here in Ireland enthusiasm can do half the work, and nobody is accustomed to get much money, and even Mr. Carr's inexpensive scenery costs more than our simple decorations. Our staging of *Kincora*, the work of Mr. Robert Gregory, was beautiful, with a high grave dignity and that strangeness which Ben Jonson thought to be a part of all excellent beauty, and the expense of scenery, dresses and all was hardly above £30. If we find a good scene we repeat it in other plays, and in course of time we shall be able to put on new plays without any expense for scenery at all. I do not think that even the most expensive decoration would increase in any way the pleasure of an audience that comes to us for the play and the acting.

We shall have abundance of plays, for Lady Gregory has written us a new comedy besides her *White Cockade*, which is in rehearsal; Mr. Boyle a satirical comedy in three acts; Mr. Colum has made a new play out of his *Broken Soil*; and I have made almost a new one out of my *Shadowy Waters*; and Mr. Synge has practically finished a longer and more elaborate comedy than his last. Since our start last Christmas we have shown eleven plays created by our movement and very varied in substance and form, and six of these were new: *The Wel of the Saints*, *Kincora*, *The Building Fund*, *The Land*, *On Baile's Strand*, and *Spreading the News*.

One of our plays, *The Well of the Saints*, has been accepted for immediate production by the Deutsches Theatre of Berlin ; and another, *The Shadow of the Glen*, is to be played during the season at the National Bohemian Theatre at Prague ; and my own *Cathleen ni Houlihan* has been translated into Irish and been played at the Oireachtas, before an audience of some thousands. We have now several dramatists who have taken to drama as their most serious business, and we claim that a school of Irish drama exists, and that it is founded upon sincere observation and experience.



As is natural in a country where the Gaelic League has created a pre-occupation with the countryman, the greater number of our plays are founded on the comedy and tragedy of country life, and are written more or less in dialect. When the Norwegian National movement began, its writers chose for their maxim, "To understand the saga by the peasant and the peasant by the saga." Ireland in our day has re-discovered the old heroic literature of Ireland and she has re-discovered the imagination of the folk. My own pre-occupation is more with the heroic legend than with the folk, but Lady Gregory in her *Spreading the News*, Mr. Synge in his *Well of the Saints*, Mr. Colum in *The Land*, Mr. Boyle, in *The Building Fund*, have been busy, much or little, with the folk and the folk imagination. Mr. Synge alone has written of the peasant as he is to all the ages ; of the folk imagination as it has been shaped by centuries of life among fields or on fishing grounds. His people talk a highly-coloured musical language, and one never hears from them a thought that is of to-day and not of yesterday. Lady Gregory has written of the people of the markets and villages of the West, and their speech, though less full of peculiar idiom than that of Mr. Synge's people, is still always that vivid speech which has been shaped through some generations of English speaking by those who still think in Gaelic. Mr. Colum and Mr. Boyle, on the other hand, write of the countryman or villager of the East or centre of Ireland, who thinks in English, and the speech of their people shows the influence of the newspaper and the National Schools. The people they write of, too, are not the true folk. They are the peasant as he is being transformed by modern life, and for that very reason the man of the towns may find it easier to understand them. There is less surprise, less wonder in what he sees, but there is more of himself there, more of his vision of the world and of the problems that are troubling him.

It is not fitting for the showman to overpraise the show, but he is always permitted to tell you what is in his booths. Mr. Synge is the most obviously individual of our writers. He alone has discovered a new kind of sarcasm, and it is this sarcasm that keeps him, and may long keep him, from general popularity. Mr. Boyle satirizes a miserly old woman and he

has made a very vivid person of her, but as yet his satire is such as all men accept; it brings no new thing to judgment. We have never doubted that what he assails is evil, and we are never afraid that it is ourselves. Lady Gregory alone writes out of a spirit of pure comedy, and laughs without bitterness and with no thought but to laugh. She has a perfect sympathy with her characters, even with the worst of them, and when the curtain goes down we are so far from the mood of judgment that we do not even know that we have condoned many sins. In Mr. Colum's *Land* there is a like comedy when Cornelius and Sally fill the scene, but then he is too young to be content with laughter. He is still interested in the reform of society, but that will pass, for at about thirty every writer, who is anything of an artist, comes to understand that all a work of art can do is show one the reality that is within our minds, and the reality that our eyes look on. He is the youngest of us all by many years, and we are all proud to foresee his future.



I think that a race or a nation or a phase of life has but few dramatic themes, and that when these have been once written well they must afterwards be written less and less well until one gets at last but "Soulless self-reflections of man's skill." The first man writes what it is natural to write, the second man what is left to him, for the imagination cannot repeat itself. The hoydenish young woman, the sentimental young woman, the villain and the hero alike ever self-possessed, of contemporary drama, were once real discoveries, and one can trace their history through the generations like a joke or a folk tale, but, unlike these, they grow always less interesting as they get farther from their cradle. Our opportunity in Ireland is not that our playwrights have more talent, it is possible that they have less than the workers in an old tradition, but that the necessity of putting a life that has not hitherto been dramatized into their plays excludes all these types which have had their origin in a different social order.

An audience with National feeling is alive, at the worst it is alive enough to quarrel with. One man came up from the scene of Lady Gregory's *Kincora* at Killaloe that he might see her play, and having applauded loudly, and even cheered for the Dalcassians, became silent and troubled when Brian took Gormleith for his wife. "It is a great pity," he said to a man next to him "that he didn't marry a quiet girl from his own district." Some have quarrelled with me because I did not take some glorious moment of Cuchulain's life for my play, and not the killing of his son, and all our playwrights have been attacked for choosing bad characters instead of good, and called slanderers of their country. In so far as these attacks come from National feeling, that is to say, out of an interest or an affection for the life of this country now and in past times, as did the countryman's trouble about Gormleith, they are in the long run the greatest

help to a dramatist, for they give him something to startle or to delight. Every writer has had to face them where his work has aroused a genuine interest. The Germans at the beginning of the nineteenth century preferred Schiller to Goethe, and thought him the greater writer, because he put nobler characters into his books; and when Chaucer met Eros walking in the month of May, that testy god complains that though he had "sixty bookkes olde and newe," and all full of stories of women and the life they led, and though for every bad woman there are a hundred good, he has chosen to write only of the bad ones. He complains that Chaucer by his *Troilus* and his *Romaunt of the Rose* has brought love and women to discredit. It is the same in painting as in literature, for when a new painter arises men cry out, even when he is a painter of the beautiful like Rosetti, that he has chosen the exaggerated or the ugly or the unhealthy, forgetting that it is the business of art and of letters to change the values and to mint the coinage. Without this outcry there is no movement of life in the arts, for it is the sign of values not yet understood, of a coinage not yet mastered. Sometimes the writer delights us, when we grow to understand him, with new forms of virtue discovered in persons where one had not hitherto looked for it, and sometimes, and this is more and more true of modern art, he changes the values not by the persons he sets before one, who may be mean enough, but by his way of looking at them, by the implications that come from his own mind, by the tune they dance to as it were. Eros, into whose mouth Chaucer, one doubts not, puts arguments that he had heard from his readers and listeners, objected to Chaucer's art in the interests of pedantic mediæval moralizing; the contemporaries of Schiller commended him for reflecting vague romantic types from the sentimental literature of his predecessors; and those who object to the peasant as he is seen in the Abbey Theatre, have their imaginations full of what is least observant and most sentimental in the Irish novelists. When I was a boy I spent many an afternoon with a village shoemaker who was a great reader. I asked him once what Irish novels he liked, and he told me there were none he could read, "they sentimentalized the people," he said angrily; and it was against Kickham that he complained most. "I want to see the people," he said "shown up in their naked hideousness." That is the peasant mind as I know it, delight in strong sensations whether of beauty or of ugliness, in bare facts, and quite without sentimentality. The sentimental mind is the bourgeois mind, and it was this mind which came into Irish literature with Gerald Griffin and later on with Kickham.

It is the mind of the town, and it is a delight to those only who have seen life, and above all country life, with unobservant eyes, and most of all to the Irish tourist, to the patriotic young Irishman who goes to the country for a month's holiday with his head full of vague idealisms. It is not the art of Mr. Colum, born of the people, and when at his best looking at the town and not the country with strange eyes, nor the art of Mr. Synge spending weeks and months in remote places talking Irish to

fishers and islanders. I remember meeting, about twenty years ago, a lad who had a little yacht at Kingstown. Somebody was talking of the sea paintings of a great painter, Hook, I think, and this made him very angry. No yachtsman believed in them or thought them at all like the sea, he said. Indeed, he was always hearing people praise pictures that were not a bit like the sea, and thereupon he named certain of the greatest painters of water—men who more than all others had spent their lives in observing the effects of light upon cloud and wave. I met him again the other day, well on in middle life, and though he is not even an Irishman, indignant with Mr. Synge's and Mr. Boyle's peasants. He knew the people, he said, and neither he nor any other person that knew them could believe that they were properly represented in *The Well of the Saints* or *The Building Fund*. Twenty years ago his imagination was under the influence of popular pictures, but to-day it was under the conventional idealisms which writers like Kickham and Griffin substitute for the ever-varied life of the cottages, and that conventional idealism that the contemporary English Theatre substitutes for all life whatsoever. I saw *Caste*, the earliest play of the modern school, a few days ago, and found there more obviously than I expected, for I am not much of a theatre-goer, the English half of the mischief. Two of the minor persons had a certain amount of superficial characterization, as if out of the halfpenny comic papers; but the central persons, the man and woman that created the dramatic excitement, such as it was, had not characters of any kind, being vague ideals, perfection as it is imagined by a common-place mind. The audience could give them its sympathy without the labour that comes from awakening knowledge. If the dramatist had put any man and woman of his acquaintance that seemed to him nearest perfection into his play, he would have had to make it a study, among other things, of the little petty faults and perverted desires that come out of the nature or its surroundings. He would have troubled that admiring audience by making a self-indulgent sympathy more difficult. He might have even seemed, like Ibsen or the early Christians, an enemy of the human race. We have gone down to the roots, and we have made up our minds upon one thing quite definitely—that in no play that professes to picture life in its daily aspects shall we admit these white phantoms. We can do this, not because we have any special talent, but because we are dealing with a life which has for all practical purposes never been set upon the stage before. The conventional types of the novelists do not pervert our imagination, for they are built, as it were, into another form, and no man who has chosen for himself a sound method of drama, whether it be the drama of character or of crisis, can use them. The Gaelic League and *Cumann na nGaedheal* play does indeed show the influence of the novelists; but the typical Gaelic League play is essentially narrative and not dramatic. Every artist necessarily imitates those who have worked in the same form before him, and when the preoccupation has been with the same life he almost always,

consciously or unconsciously, borrows more than the form, and it is this very borrowing—affecting thought, language, all the vehicles of expression—which brings about the most of what we call decadence.



After all, if our plays are slanders upon their country ; if to represent upon the stage a hard old man like Cosgar, or a rapacious old man like Shan, or a faithless wife like Nora Burke, or to select from history treacherous Gormleith for a theme, is to represent this nation at something less than its full moral worth ; if every play played in the Abbey Theatre now and in times to come be something of a slander, is anybody a penny the worse ? Some ancient or mediæval races did not think so. Jusserand describes the French conquerors of mediæval England as already imagining themselves in their literature, as they have done to this day, as a great deal worse than they are, and the English imagining themselves a great deal better. The greater portion of the *Divine Comedy* is a catalogue of the sins of Italy, and Boccaccio became immortal because he exaggerated with an unceasing playful wit the vices of his countryside. The Greeks chose for the themes of their serious literature a few great crimes, and Corneille, in his article on the theory of the drama, shows why the greatness and notoriety of these crimes is necessary to tragic drama. The public life of Athens found its chief celebration in the monstrous caricature of Aristophanes, and the Greek nation was so proud, so free from morbid sensitiveness, that it invited the foreign ambassadors to the spectacle. And I answer to those who say that Ireland cannot afford this freedom because of her political circumstances, that if Ireland cannot afford it, Ireland cannot have a literature. Literature has never been the work of slaves, and Ireland must learn to say—

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”



The misrepresentation of the average life of a nation that follows of necessity from an imaginative delight in energetic characters and extreme types, enlarges the energy of a people by the spectacle of energy. A nation is injured by the picking out of a single type and setting that into print or upon the stage as a type of the whole nation. Ireland suffered in this way from that single whiskey-drinking, humorous type which seemed for a time the accepted type of all. The Englishwoman is, no doubt, injured in the same way in the minds of various Continental nations by a

habit of caricaturing all Englishwomen as having big teeth. But neither nation can be injured by imaginative writers selecting types that please their fancy. They will never impose a general type on the public mind, for genius differs from the newspapers in this, that the greater and more confident it is, the more is its delight in varieties and species. If Ireland were at this moment, through a misunderstanding terror of the stage Irishman, to deprive her writers of freedom, to make their imaginations timid, she would lower her dignity in her own eyes and in the eyes of every intellectual nation. That old caricature did her very little harm in the long run, perhaps a few car-drivers tried to live up to it, but the mind of the country remained untroubled; but the loss of imaginative freedom and daring would turn us into old women. In the long run, it is the great writer of a nation that becomes its image in the minds of posterity, and even though he represent, like Aristophanes, no man of worth in his art, the worth of his own mind becomes the inheritance of his people. He takes nothing away that he does not give back in greater volume.



If Ireland had not lost the Gaelic she never would have had this sensitiveness as of a *parvenu* when presented at Court for the first time, or of a nigger newspaper. When Ireland had the confidence of her own antiquity, her writers praised and blamed according to their fancy, and even as throughout all mediæval Europe, they laughed when they had a mind to at the most respected persons, at the sanctities of Church and State. The story of the *Shadow of the Glen*, found by Mr. Synge in Gaelic-speaking Aran, and by Mr. Curtain in Munster; the Song of the *Red Haired Man's Wife*, sung in all Gaelic Ireland; the *Midnight Court of Mac Giolla Meidhre*; the *Vision of MacCoinglinne*; the old romancers, with their Bricriu and their Conan, laughed and sang as fearlessly as Chaucer or Villon or Cervantes. It seemed almost as if those old writers murmured to themselves, "If we but keep our courage let all the virtues perish, for we can make them over again, but if that be gone, all is gone." I remember when I was an art student at the Metropolitan School of Art a good many years ago, saying to Mr. Hughes the sculptor, as we looked at the work of our fellow-students, "Every student here that is doing better work than another is doing it because he has a more intrepid imagination; one has only to look at the line of a drawing to see that;" and he said that was his own thought also. All good art is extravagant, vehement, impetuous, shaking the dust of time from its feet, as it were, and beating against the walls of the world.



If a sincere religious artist were to arise in Ireland in our day, and

were to paint the Holy Family, let us say, he would meet with the same opposition that sincere dramatists are meeting with to-day. The bourgeois mind is never sincere in the arts, and one finds in Irish chapels, above all in Irish convents, the religious art that it understands. A Galway convent a little time ago refused a fine design for stained glass sent from Miss Sarah Purser's studio, because of the personal life in the faces and in the attitudes, which seemed to them ugly, perhaps even impious. They sent to Miss Purser an insipid German chromo-lithograph, full of faces without expression or dignity, and gestures without personal distinction, and Miss Purser, doubtless because her enterprise was too new, too anxious for success, to reject any order, has carried out this ignoble design in glass of beautiful colour and quality. Let us suppose that Meister Stefan were to paint in Ireland to-day that exquisite Madonna of his, with her lattice of roses; a great deal that is said of our plays would be said of that picture. Why select for his model a little girl selling newspapers in the streets, why slander with that miserable little body the Mother of God? He could only answer, as the imaginative artist always answers, "That is the way I have seen her in my mind, and what I have made of her is very living." All art is founded upon personal vision, and the greater the art the more surprising the vision; and all bad art is founded upon impersonal types and images, accepted by average men and women out of imaginative poverty and timidity, or the exhaustion that comes from labour.

Nobody can force a movement of any kind to take any pre-arranged pattern to any very great extent; one can, perhaps, modify it a little, and that is all. When one says that it is going to develop in a certain way, one means that one sees, or imagines that one sees, certain energies which, left to themselves, are bound to give it a certain form. Writing in *Samhain* some years ago, I said that our plays would be of two kinds, plays of peasant life and plays of a romantic and heroic life, such as one finds in the folk tales. To-day I can see other forces and can foretell, I think, the form of technique that will arise. About fifty years ago, perhaps not so many, the playwrights of every country in the world became persuaded that their plays must reflect the surface of life; and the author of *Caste*, for instance, made a reputation by putting what seemed to be average common life and average common speech for the first time upon the stage in England, and by substituting real loaves of bread and real cups of tea for imaginary ones. He was not a very clever nor a very well-educated man, and he made his revolution superficially, but in other countries men of intellect and knowledge created that intellectual drama of real life, of which Ibsen's later plays are the ripened fruit. This change coincided with the substitution of science for religion in the conduct of life, and is, I believe, as temporary, for the practice of twenty centuries will surely take the sway in the end. A rhetorician in that novel of Petronius, which satirises, or perhaps one should say celebrates, Roman

decadence, complains that the young people of his day are made block-heads by learning old romantic tales in the schools, instead of what belongs to common life. And yet is it not the romantic tale, the extravagant and ungovernable dream which comes out of youth; and is not that desire for what belongs to common life, whether it comes from Rome or Greece or England, the sign of fading fires, of ebbing imaginative desire? In the arts I am quite certain that it is a substitution of apparent for real truth. Mr. George Moore has a very vivid character; he is precisely one of those whose characters can be represented most easily upon the stage. Let us suppose that some dramatist had made even him the centre of a play in which the moderation of common life was carefully preserved, how very little he could give us of that headlong intrepid man, as we know him, whether through long personal knowledge or through his many books. The more carefully the play reflected the surface of life the more would the elements be limited to those that naturally display themselves during so many minutes of our ordinary affairs. It is only by extravagance, by an emphasis far greater than that of life as we observe it, that we can crowd into a few minutes the knowledge of years. Shakespeare or Sophocles can so quicken, as it were, the circles of the clock, so heighten the expression of life, that many years can unfold themselves in a few minutes, and it is always Shakespeare or Sophocles, and not Ibsen, that makes us say, "how true, how often I have felt as that man feels;" or "how intimately I have come to know those people on the stage." There is a certain school of painters that has discovered that it is necessary in the representation of light, to put little touches of pure colour side by side. When you went up close to that big picture of the Alps by Segantini, in Mr. Lane's Loan Exhibition a year ago, you found that the grass seeds, which looked brown enough from the other side of the room, were full of pure scarlet colour. If you copy nature's moderation of colour you do not imitate her, for you have only white paint and she has light. If you wish to represent character or passion upon the stage, as it is known to the friends, let us say, of your principal persons, you must be excessive, extravagant, fantastic, even in expression; and you must be this, more extravagantly, more excessively, more fantastically than ever, if you wish to show character and passion as they would be known to the principal person of your play in the depths of his own mind. The greatest art symbolises not those things that we have observed so much as those things that we have experienced, and when the imaginary saint or lover or hero moves us most deeply, it is the moment when he awakens within us for an instant our own heroism, our own sanctity, our own desire. We possess these things—the greatest of men not more than Seaghan the Fool—not at all moderately, but to an infinite extent, and though we control or ignore them, we know that the moralists speak true when they compare them to angels or to devils, or to beasts of prey. How can any dramatic art, moderate in its expression, be a true image of hell or heaven or the wilderness, or do anything but create

those faint histories that but touch our curiosity, those groups of persons that never follow us into our own intimate life, where Odysseus and Don Quixote and Hamlet are with us always ?

The scientific movement is ebbing a little everywhere, and here in Ireland it has never been in flood at all. And I am certain that everywhere literature will return once more to its old extravagant fantastical expression, for in literature, unlike science, there are no discoveries, and it is always the old that returns. Everything in Ireland urges us to this return, and it may be that we shall be the first to recover after the fifty years of mistake.



The antagonism of imaginative writing in Ireland is not a habit of scientific observation but our interest in matters of opinion. A misgoverned country seeking a remedy by agitation puts an especial value upon opinion, and even those who are not conscious of any interest in the country are influenced by the general habit. All fine literature is the disinterested contemplation or expression of life, but hardly any Irish writer can liberate his mind sufficiently from questions of practical reform for this contemplation. Art for art's sake, as he understands it, whether it be the art of the Ode to a Grecian Urn or of the imaginer of Falstaff, seems to him a neglect of public duty. It is as though the telegraph boys botanized among the hedges with the undelivered envelopes in their pockets; one must calculate the effect of one's words before one writes them, who they are to excite and to what end. We all write if we follow the habit of the country not for our own delight but for the improvement of our neighbours, and this is not only true of such obviously propagandist work as the *Spirit of the Nation* or a Gaelic League play but of the work of writers who seemed to have escaped from every national influence, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, or even Mr. Oscar Wilde. They never keep their head for very long out of the flood of opinion. Mr. Bernard Shaw, the one brilliant writer of comedy in England to-day, makes these comedies something less than life by never forgetting that he is a reformer, and Mr. Wilde could hardly finish an act of a play without denouncing the British public; and Mr. Moore—God bless the hearers!—has not for ten years now been able to keep himself from the praise or blame of the Church of his fathers. Goethe, whose mind was more busy with philosophy than any modern poet, has said "the poet needs all philosophy, but he must keep it out of his work." One remembers Dante and wishes that Goethe had left some commentary upon that saying, some definition of philosophy perhaps, but one cannot be less than certain that the poet, though it may be well for him to have right opinions, above all if his country be at death's door, must keep all opinion that he holds to merely because he thinks it right, out of his poetry if it is to be poetry at all. At the enquiry which preceded the granting of a patent to the Abbey Theatre I was asked if *Cathleen ni Houlihan* was

not written to affect opinion. Certainly it was not. I had a dream one night which gave me a story, and I had certain emotions about this country, and I gave those emotions expression for my own pleasure. If I had written to convince others I would have asked myself not "Is that exactly what I think and feel?" but "How would that strike so and so? How will they think and feel when they have read it?" And all would be oratorical and insincere. We only understand our own minds, and the things that are striving to utter themselves through our minds, and we move others, not because we have understood or thought about them at all, but because all life has the same root. Coventry Patmore has said "the end of art is peace," and the following of art is little different from the following of religion in the intense preoccupation that it demands. Somebody has said "God asks nothing of the highest soul except attention;" and so necessary is attention to mastery in any art, that there are moments when one thinks that nothing else is necessary, and nothing else so difficult. The religious life has created for itself monasteries and convents where men and women may forget in prayer and contemplation everything that seems necessary to the most useful and busy citizens of their towns and villages, and one imagines that even in the monastery and the convent there are passing things, the twitter of a sparrow in the window, the memory of some old quarrel, things lighter than air, that keep the soul from its joy. How many of those old religious sayings can one not apply to the life of art. "The Holy Spirit" wrote S. Thomas A. Kempis "has liberated me from a multitude of opinions." When one sets out to cast into some mould so much of life merely for life's sake, one is tempted at every moment to twist it from its eternal shape to help some friend or harm some enemy. Alas, all men, we in Ireland more than others, are fighters, and it is a hard law that compels us to cast away our swords when we enter the house of the Muses, as men cast them away at the doors of the banquetting hall at Tara. A weekly paper in reviewing last year's *Samhain*, convinced itself, or at any rate its readers—for that is the heart of the business in propaganda—that I only began to say these things a few months ago under I know not what alien influence; and yet I seem to have been saying them all my life. I took up an anthology of Irish verse that I edited some ten years ago, and I found them there, and I think they were a chief part of an old fight over the policy of the *New Irish Library*. Till they are accepted by writers and readers in this country it will never have a literature, it will never escape from the election rhyme and the pamphlet. So long as I have any control over the National Theatre Society it will be carried on in this spirit, call it art for art's sake if you will; and no plays will be produced at it which were written, not for the sake of a good story or fine verses or some revelation of character, but to please those friends of ours who are ever urging us to attack the priests or the English, or wanting us to put our imagination into handcuffs that we may be sure of never seeming to do one or the other.

I have had very little to say this year in Samhain, and I have said it badly. When I wrote *Ideas of Good and Evil* and *Celtic Twilight*, I wrote everything very slowly and a great many times over. A few years ago, however, my eyesight got so bad that I had to dictate the first drafts of everything, and then re-write these drafts several times. I did the last *Samhain* this way, dictating all the thoughts in a few days, and re-writing them in two or three weeks; but this time I am letting the first draft remain with all its carelessness of phrase and rhythm. I am busy with a practical project which needs the saying of many things from time to time, and it is better to say them carelessly and harshly than to take time from my poetry. One casts something away every year, and I shall, I think, have to cast away the hope of ever having a prose style that amounts to anything. After all, dictation gives one a certain vitality as of vehement speech.

W B. YEATS.

"Spreading the News."

(A COMEDY.)

By LADY GREGORY.

PERSONS:—

BARTLEY FALLON.

MRS. FALLON.

JACK SMITH.

SHAWN EARLY.

TIM CASEY.

JAMES RYAN.

MRS. TARPEY.

MRS. TULLY.

A POLICEMAN (JO MULDOON).

A REMOVABLE MAGISTRATE.

SCENE.—*The outskirts of a Fair. An Apple Stall. Mrs. Tarpey sitting at it. Magistrate and Policeman enter.*

MAGISTRATE.—So that is the Fair Green. Cattle and sheep and mud. No system. What a repulsive sight!

POLICEMAN.—That is so, indeed.

MAGISTRATE.—I suppose there is a good deal of disorder in this place?

POLICEMAN.—There is.

MAGISTRATE.—Common assault?

POLICEMAN.—Its common enough.

MAGISTRATE.—Agrarian crime, no doubt.

POLICEMAN.—That is so.

MAGISTRATE.—Boycotting? Maiming of cattle? Firing into houses?

POLICEMAN.—There was one time, and there might be again.

MAGISTRATE.—That is bad. Does it go any farther than that?

POLICEMAN.—Far enough, indeed.

MAGISTRATE.—Homicide then! This district has been shamefully neglected! I will change all that. When I was in the Andaman Islands

my system never failed. Yes, yes, I will change all that. What has that woman on her stall?

POLICEMAN.—Apples mostly—and sweets.

MAGISTRATE.—Just see if there are any unlicensed goods underneath—spirits or the like. We had evasions of the salt tax in the Andaman Islands.

POLICEMAN (*Sniffing cautiously and upsetting a heap of apples*).—I see no salt here—or spirits.

MAGISTRATE (*To Mrs. Tarpey*).—Do you know this town well, my good woman?

MRS. TARPEY (*Holding out some apples*).—A penny the half-dozen, your honour.

POLICEMAN (*Shouting*).—The gentleman is asking do you know the town! He's the new magistrate!

MRS. TARPEY (*Rising and ducking*).—Do I know the town? I do, to be sure.

MAGISTRATE (*Shouting*).—What is its chief business?

MRS. TARPEY.—Business is it? What business would the people here have but to be minding one another's business?

MAGISTRATE.—I mean what trade have they?

MRS. TARPEY.—Not a trade. No trade at all but to be talking.

MAGISTRATE.—I shall learn nothing here.

(*James Ryan comes in, pipe in mouth. Seeing Magistrate he retreats quickly, taking pipe from mouth*).

MAGISTRATE.—The smoke from that man's pipe had a greenish look; he may be growing unlicensed tobacco at home. I wish I had brought my telescope to this district. Come to the post-office, I will telegraph for it. I found it very useful in the Andaman Islands.

(*Magistrate and Policeman go out left*).

MRS. TARPEY.—Bad luck to Jo Muldoon, knocking my apples this way and that way. (*Begins arranging them*). Showing off he was to the new magistrate.

(*Enter Bartley Fallon and Mrs. Fallon*).

BARTLEY.—Indeed it's a poor country and a scarce country to be living in at all. But I'm thinking if I went to America it's long ago the day I'd be dead!

MRS. FALLON.—So you might, indeed. (*She puts her basket on a barrel and begins putting parcels in it, taking them from under her cloak*).

BARTLEY.—And it's a great expense for a poor man to be buried in America.

MRS. FALLON.—Never fear, Bartley Fallon, but I'll give you a good burying the day you'll die.

BARTLEY.—Maybe it's yourself will be buried in the graveyard of Cloonmara before me, Mary Fallon, and I myself that will be dying unbeknownst some night, and no ore a-near me. And the cat itself may be gone straying through the country, and the mice squealing over the quilt.

MRS. FALLON.—Leave off talking of dying. It might be twenty years you'll be living yet.

BARTLEY (*With a deep sigh*).—I'm thinking if I'll be living at the end of twenty years, its a very old man I'll be then !

MRS. TARPEY (*Turns and sees them*).—Good morrow, Bartley Fallon, good morrow, Mrs. Fallon. Well, Bartley, you'll find no cause for complaining to-day, they are all saying it was a good fair.

BARTLEY (*Raising his voice*).—It was not a good fair, Mrs. Tarpey. It was a scattered sort of a fair. If we didn't expect more, we got less. That's the way with me always ; whatever I have to sell goes down and whatever I have to buy goes up. If there's ever any misfortune coming to this world, its on myself it pitches, like a flock of crows on seed potatoes.

MRS. FALLON.—Leave off talking of misfortunes, and listen to Jack Smith that is coming the way, and he singing.

(*Voice of Jack Smith heard singing*).

I thought my first love
There'd be but one house between you and me,
And I thought I would find
Yourself coaxing my child on your knee.
Over the tide
I would leap with the leap of a swan,
Till I came to the side
Of the wife of the Red-haired man !

(*Jack Smith comes in, he is a red-haired man, and is carrying a hayfork*).

MRS. TARPEY.—That should be a good song if I had my hearing.

MRS. FALLON (*Shouting*).—It's "The Red-haired Man's Wife."

MRS. TARPEY.—I know it well. That's the song that has the skin on it !

(*She turns her back to them and goes on arranging her apples*).

MRS. FALLON.—Where's herself, Jack Smith ?

JACK SMITH.—She was delayed with her washing ; bleaching the clothes on the hedge she is, and she daren't leave them, with all the tinkers that do be passing to the fair. It isn't to the fair I came myself, but up to the Five Acre meadow I'm going, where I have a contract for the hay. We'll get a share of it into tramps to-day. (*He lays down hayfork and lights his pipe*).

BARTLEY.—You will not get it into tramps to-day. The rain will be down on it by evening, and on myself too. It's seldom I ever started on

a journey but the rain would come down on me before I'd find any place of shelter.

JACK SMITH.—If it didn't itself, Bartley, it is my belief you would carry a leaky pail on your head in place of a hat, the way you'd not be without some cause of complaining.

(A voice heard "Go on, now, go on out o' that. Go on I say.")

JACK SMITH.—Look at that young mare of Pat Ryan's that is backing into Shaughnessy's bullocks with the dint of the crowd! Don't be daunted, Pat, I'll give you a hand with her. *(He goes out, leaving his hayfork).*

MRS. FALLON.—It's time for ourselves to be going home. I have all I got put in the basket. Look at there, Jack Smith's hayfork he left behind him! He'll be wanting it. *(Calls)* Jack Smith! Jack Smith!—He's gone through the crowd—hurry after him, Bartley, he'll be wanting it.

BARTLEY.—I'll do that. This is no safe place to be leaving it. *(He takes up fork awkwardly and upsets the basket).* Look at that now! If there is any basket in the fair upset, it must be our own basket! *(He goes out to R.).*

MRS. FALLON.—Get out of that! It is your own fault it is. Talk of misfortunes and misfortunes will come. Glory be! Look at my new egg-cups rolling in every part—and my two pound of sugar with the paper broke—.

MRS. TARPEY.—*(Turning from stall).* God help us, Mrs. Fallon, what happened your basket?

MRS. FALLON.—It's himself that knocked it down, bad manners to him. *(putting things up).* My grand sugar that's destroyed, and he'll not drink his tea without it. I had best go back to the shop for more, much good may it do him!

(Enter Tim Casey).

TIM CASEY.—Where is Bartley Fallon, Mrs. Fallon? I want a word with him before he'll leave the fair. I was afraid he might have gone home by this, for he's a temperate man.

MRS. FALLON.—I wish he did go home! It'd be best for me if he went home straight from the fair green, or if he never came with me at all! Where is he, is it? He's gone up the road *(jerks elbow)* following Jack Smith with a hayfork. *(She goes out to L.).*

TIM CASEY.—Following Jack Smith with a hayfork! Did ever anyone hear the like of that. *(Shouts)* Did you hear that news, Mrs. Tarpey?

MRS. TARPEY.—I heard no news at all.

TIM CASEY.—Some dispute I suppose it was that rose between Jack Smith and Bartley Fallon, and it seems Jack made off, and Bartley Fallon is following him with a hayfork!

MRS. TARPEY.—Is he now? Well, that was quick work! It's not ten

minutes since the two of them were here, Bartley going home and Jack going to the Five Acre Meadow; and I had my apples to settle up, that Jo Muldoon of the police had scattered, and when I looked around again, Jack Smith was gone, and Bartley Fallon was gone, and Mrs. Fallon's basket upset, and all in it strewed upon the ground—the tea here—the two pound of sugar there—the eggcups there.—Look now what a great hardship the deafness puts upon me, that I didn't hear the commencement of the fight! Wait till I tell James Ryan that I see below, he is a neighbour of Bartley's, it would be a pity if he wouldn't hear the news!

(She goes out. Enter Shawn Early and Mrs. Tully).

TIM CASEY.—Listen Shawn Early! Listen Mrs. Tully to the news! Jack Smith and Bartley Fallon had a falling out, and Jack knocked Mrs. Fallon's basket into the road, and Bartley made an attack on him with a hayfork, and away with Jack, and Bartley after him. Look at the sugar here yet on the road!

SHAWN EARLY.—Do you tell me so! Well, that's a queer thing, and Bartley Fallon so quiet a man!

MRS. TULLY.—I wouldn't wonder at all. I would never think well of a man that would have that sort of a mouldering look. It's likely he has overtaken Jack by this.

(Enter James Ryan and Mrs. Tarpey).

JAMES RYAN.—That is great news Mrs. Tarpey was telling me! I suppose that's what brought the police and the magistrate up this way. I was wondering to see them in it a while ago.

SHAWN EARLY.—The police after them? Bartley Fallon must have injured Jack so. They wouldn't meddle in a fight that was only for show!

MRS. TULLY.—Why wouldn't he injure him? There was many a man killed with no more of a weapon than a hayfork.

JAMES RYAN.—Wait till I run north as far as Kelly's barn to spread the news! *(He goes out).*

TIM CASEY.—I'll go tell Jack Smith's first cousin that is standing there south of the church after selling his lambs. *(Goes out).*

MRS. TULLY.—I'll go telling a few of the neighbours I see beyond to the west. *(Goes out).*

SHAWN EARLY.—I'll give word of it beyond at the east of the green. *(Is going out when Mrs. Tarpey seizes hold of him).*

MRS. TARPEY.—Stop a minute, Shawn Early, and tell me did you see red Jack Smith's wife, Kitty Keary, in any place?

SHAWN EARLY.—I did. At her own house she was, drying clothes on the hedge as I passed.

MRS. TARPEY.—What did you say she was doing?

SHAWN EARLY (*breaking away*).—Laying out a sheet on the hedge. (*He goes*).

MRS. TARPEY.—Laying out a sheet for the dead! The Lord have mercy on us! Jack Smith dead, and his wife laying out a sheet for his burying! (*Calls out*). Why didn't you tell me that before, Shawn Early? Isn't the deafness the great hardship? Half the world might be dead without me knowing of it or getting word of it at all! (*She sits down and rocks herself*). O my poor Jack Smith! To be going to his work so nice and so hearty, and to be left stretched on the ground in the full light of the day!

(*Enter Tim Casey*).

TIM CASEY.—What is it, Mrs. Tarpey? What happened since?

MRS. TARPEY.—O my poor Jack Smith!

TIM CASEY.—Did Bartley overtake him?

MRS. TARPEY.—O the poor man!

TIM CASEY.—Is it killed he is?

MRS. TARPEY.—Stretched in the Five Acre Meadow!

TIM CASEY.—The Lord have mercy on us, is that a fact?

MRS. TARPEY.—Without the rites of the Church or a ha'porth!

TIM CASEY.—Who was telling you?

MRS. TARPEY.—And the wife laying out a sheet for his corpse, (*Sits up and wipes her eyes*). I suppose they'll wake him the same as another?

(*Enter Mrs. Tully, Shawn Early, and James Ryan*).

MRS. TULLY.—There is great talk about this work in every quarter of the fair.

MRS. TARPEY.—Ochone! cold and dead. And myself maybe the last he was speaking to!

JAMES RYAN.—The Lord save us! Is it dead he is?

TIM CASEY.—Dead surely, and the wife getting provision for the wake.

SHAWN EARLY.—Well now, hadn't Bartley Fallon great venom in him?

MRS. TULLY.—You may be sure he had some cause. Would he have made an end of him if he had not? (*To Mrs. Tarpey, raising her voice*) What was it rose the dispute at all, Mrs. Tarpey?

MRS. TARPEY.—Not a one of me knows. The last I saw of them, Jack Smith was standing there, and Bartley Fallon was standing there quiet and easy, and he listening to "The Red-haired Man's Wife"

MRS. TULLY.—Do you hear that, Shawn Early? Do you hear that, Tim Casey and James Ryan? Bartley Fallon was here this morning listening to red Jack Smith's wife, Kitty Keary that was! Listening to her and whispering with her! It was she started the fight so!

SHAWN EARLY.—She must have followed him from her own house. It is likely some person roused him.

TIM CASEY.—I never knew, now, Bartley Fallon was great with Jack Smith's wife.

MRS. TULLY.—How would you know it? Sure it's not in the streets they would be calling it. If Mrs. Fallon didn't know of it, and if I that have the next house to them didn't know of it, and if Jack Smith himself didn't know of it, it is not likely you would know of it, Tim Casey.

SHAWN EARLY.—Let Bartley Fallon take charge of her from this out so, and let him provide for her. It is little pity she will get from any person in this parish.

TIM CASEY.—How can he take charge of her? Sure he has a wife of his own. Sure you don't think he'd turn souper and marry her in a Protestant church?

JAMES RYAN.—It would be easy for him to marry her if he brought her to America.

SHAWN EARLY.—With or without Kitty Keary, believe me it is for America he's making at this minute. I saw the new magistrate and Jo Muldoon of the police going into the post-office as I came up—there was hurry on them—you may be sure it was to telegraph they went the way he'll be stopped in the docks at Queenstown!

MRS. TULLY.—It's likely Kitty Keary is gone with him, and not minding a sheet or a wake at all. The poor man to be deserted by his own wife, and the breath hardly gone out yet from his body that is lying bloody in the field.

(Enter Mrs. Fallon).

MRS. FALLON.—What is it the whole of the town is talking about? And what is it you yourselves are talking about? Is it about my man Bartley Fallon you are talking? Is it lies about him you are telling, saying that he went killing Jack Smith? My grief that ever he came into this place at all!

JAMES RYAN.—Be easy now, Mrs. Fallon. Sure there is no one at all in the whole fair but is sorry for you!

MRS. FALLON.—Sorry for me, is it! Why would anyone be sorry for me? Let you be sorry for yourselves, and that there may be shame on you for ever and at the day of judgment, for the words you are saying and the lies you are telling to take away the character of my poor man, and to take the good name off of him, and to drive him to destruction! That is what you are doing!

SHAWN EARLY.—Take comfort now, Mrs. Fallon. The police are not so smart as they think. Sure he might give them the slip yet, the same as Lynchehaun.

MRS. TULLY.—If they do get him, and if they do put a rope around his neck, there is no one can say he does not deserve it!

MRS. FALLON.—Is that what you are saying, Bridget Tully, and is that what you think? I tell you it's too much talk you have, making

yourself out to be such a great one, and to be running down every respectable person! A rope is it? It isn't much of a rope was needed to tie up your own furniture the day you came into Martin Tully's house, and you never bringing as much as a blanket, or a penny, or a suit of clothes with you, and I myself bringing seventy pounds and two feather beds. And now you are stiffer than a woman would have a hundred pounds! It is too much talk the whole of you have. A rope is it? I tell you the whole of this town is full of liars and schemers that would hang you up for half a glass of whiskey. (*Turning to go*). People they are you wouldn't believe as much as daylight from without you'd get up to have a look at it yourself. Killing Jack Smith, indeed! Where are you at all, Bartley, till I bring you out of this? My nice, quiet little man! My decent comrade! He that is as kind and as harmless as an innocent beast of the field! He'll be doing no harm at all if he'll shed the blood of some of you after this day's work! That much would be no harm at all. (*Calls out*). Bartley! Bartley Fallon! Where are you? (*Going out*) Did anyone see Bartley Fallon?

(*All turn to look after her.*)

JAMES RYAN.—It is hard for her to believe any such a thing, God help her!

(*Enter Bartley Fallon from R. carrying hayfork.*)

BARTLEY.—It is what I often said to myself, if there is ever any misfortune coming to this world, it is on myself it is sure to come!

(*All turn round and face him.*)

BARTLEY.—To be going about with this fork, and to find no one to take it, and no place to leave it down, and I wanting to be gone out of this.—Is that you, Shawn Early? (*holds out fork*) Its well I met you. You have no call to be leaving the fair for a while the way I have, and how can I go till I'm rid of this fork? Will you take it and keep it until such time as Jack Smith.—

JAMES RYAN (*Taking off hat.*)—The Lord have mercy on him.

SHAWN EARLY (*backing.*)—I will not take it, Bartley Fallon, I'm very thankful to you!

BARTLEY (*Turning to apple stall.*)—Look at now, Mrs. Tarpey, it was here I got it; let me thrust it under the stall.—It will lie there safe enough, and no one will take notice of it until such time as Jack Smith—

MRS. TARPEY.—Take your fork out of that! Is it to put trouble on me and to destroy me you want? putting it there for the police to be rooting it out maybe—. (*Thrusts him back.*)

BARTLEY.—That is a very unneighbourly thing for you to do, Mrs. Tarpey. Hadn't I enough care on me with that fork before this, running up and down with it like the swinging of a clock, and afeard to lay it down in any place. I wish I never touched it or meddled with it at all!

JAMES RYAN.—It is a pity, indeed, you ever did.

BARTLEY.—Will you yourself take it, James Ryan? You were always a neighbourly man.

JAMES RYAN (*Backing.*)—There is many a thing I would do for you, Bartley Fallon, but I won't do that!

SHAWN EARLY.—I tell you there is no man will give you any help or any encouragement for this day's work. If it was something agrarian now——

BARTLEY.—If no one at all will take it, maybe its best to give it up to the police.

TIM CASEY.—There'd be a welcome for it with them, surely! (*Laughter.*)

MRS. TULLY.—And it is to the police Kitty Keary, herself will be brought.

MRS. TARPEY (*Rocking to and fro.*)—I wonder now who will take the expense of the wake for poor Jack Smith!

BARTLEY.—The wake for Jack Smith!

TIM CASEY.—Why wouldn't he get a wake as well as another? Would you begrudge him that much?

BARTLEY.—Red Jack Smith! Who was telling you he was dead?

SHAWN EARLY.—The whole town knows of it by this.

BARTLEY.—Do they say what way did he die?

JAMES RYAN.—You don't know that yourself, Bartley Fallon? You don't know he was followed and that he was laid dead with the stab of a hayfork?

BARTLEY.—The stab of a hayfork!

SHAWN EARLY.—You don't know, I suppose, that the body was found in the Five Acre Meadow?

BARTLEY.—The Five Acre Meadow!

TIM CASEY.—It is likely you don't know that the police are after the man that did it?

BARTLEY.—The man that did it!

MRS. TULLY.—You don't know, maybe, that he was made away with for the sake of Kitty Keary, his wife?

BARTLEY.—Kitty Keary his wife! (*Sits down bewildered.*)

MRS. TULLY.—And what have you to say now, Bartley Fallon?

BARTLEY (*Crossing himself.*)—I to bring that fork here, and to find that news before me! It is much if I can ever stir from this place at all, or reach as far as the road!

JIM CASEY.—Look, boys, at the magistrate, and Jo Muldoon along with him! Its best for us to quit this.

SHAWN EARLY.—That is so. It is best not to be mixed in this business at all.

JAMES RYAN.—Bad as he is, I wouldn't like to be an informer against any man. (*All hurry away except Mrs. Tarpey, who remains behind her stall. Enter magistrate and policeman.*)

MAGISTRATE.—I knew the district was in a bad state, but I did not expect to be confronted with a murder at the first fair I came to.

POLICEMAN.—I am sure you did not, indeed.

MAGISTRATE.—It was well I had not gone home. I caught a few words here and there that roused my suspicions.

POLICEMAN.—So they would, too.

MAGISTRATE.—You heard the same story from everyone you asked?

POLICEMAN.—The same story—or if it was not altogether the same, anyway it was no less than the first story.

MAGISTRATE.—What is that man doing? He is sitting alone with a hayfork. He has a guilty look—. The murder was done with a hayfork!

POLICEMAN (*In a whisper.*)—That's the very man, they say, did the act; Bartley Fallon himself!

MAGISTRATE.—He must have found escape difficult—he is trying to brazen it out. A convict in the Andaman Islands tried the same game, but he could not escape my system! Stand aside—. Don't go far—have the handcuffs ready. (*He walks up to Bartley, folds his arms, and stands before him.*) Here, my man, do you know anything of John Smith?

BARTLEY.—Of John Smith! Who is he, now?

POLICEMAN.—Jack Smith, sir—. Red Jack Smith!

MAGISTRATE (*coming a step nearer and tapping him on the shoulder.*)—Where is Jack Smith?

BARTLEY (*with a deep sigh, and shaking his head slowly.*)—Where is he, indeed?

MAGISTRATE.—What have you to tell?

BARTLEY.—It is where he was this morning, standing in this spot, singing his share of songs—no, but lighting his pipe—scraping a match on the sole of his shoe—

MAGISTRATE.—I ask you, for the third time, where is he?

BARTLEY.—I wouldn't like to say that. It is a great mystery, and it is hard to say of any man, did he earn hatred or love.

MAGISTRATE.—Tell me all you know.

BARTLEY.—All that I know—. Well, there are the three estates; there is Limbo, and there is Purgatory, and there is—.

MAGISTRATE.—Nonsense! This is trifling! Get to the point.

BARTLEY.—Maybe you don't hold with the clergy so? That is the teaching of the clergy. Maybe you hold with the old people. It is what they do be saying, that the shadow goes wandering, and the soul is tired,

and the body is taking a rest——. The shadow ! (*Starts up*). I was nearly sure I saw Jack Smith not ten minutes ago at the corner of the forge and I lost him again——. Was it his ghost I saw, do you think ?

MAGISTRATE (*to policeman*).—Conscience struck ! He will confess all now !

BARTLEY.—His ghost to come before me ! It is likely is was on account of the fork ! I to have it and he to have no way to defend himself the time he met with his death !

MAGISTRATE (*to policeman*).—I must note down his words (*takes out notebook. To Bartley*), I warn you that your words are being noted.

BARTLEY.—If I had ha' run faster in the beginning, this terror would not be on me at the latter end ! Maybe he will cast it up against me at the day of judgment——. I wouldn't wonder at all at that.

MAGISTRATE (*writing*).—At the day of judgment——.

BARTLEY.—It was soon for his ghost to appear to me——is it coming after me always by day it will be, and stripping the clothes off my bed in the night time?—— I wouldn't wonder at that, being as I am an unfortunate man !

MAGISTRATE.—(*sternly*).—Tell me this truly. What was the motive of this crime ?

BARTLEY.—The motive, is it ?

MAGISTRATE.—Yes ; the motive ; the cause.

BARTLEY.—I'd sooner not say that.

MAGISTRATE.—You had better tell me truly. Was it money ?

BARTLEY.—Not at all ! What did poor Jack Smith ever have in his pockets unless it might be his hands that would be in them ?

MAGISTRATE.—Any dispute about land ?

BARTLEY (*indignantly*).—Not at all ! He never was a grabber or grabbed from anyone !

MAGISTRATE.—You will find it better for you if you tell me at once.

BARTLEY.—I tell you I wouldn't for the whole world wish to say what it was——it is a thing I would not like to be talking about.

MAGISTRATE.—There is no use in hiding it. It will be discovered in the end.

BARTLEY.—Well, I suppose it will, seeing that mostly everybody knows it before. Whisper here now. I will tell no lie ; where would be the use ? (*Puts his hand to his mouth, and Magistrate stoops*). Don't be putting the blame on the parish, for such a thing was never done in the parish before——it was done for the sake of Kitty Keary, Jack Smith's wife.

MAGISTRATE (*to Policeman*).—Put on the handcuffs. We have been saved some trouble. I knew he would confess if taken in the right way. (*Policeman puts on handcuffs*).

BARTLEY.—Handcuffs now ! Glory be ! I always said, if there was ever any misfortune coming to this place, it was on myself it would fall. I to be in handcuffs ! There's no wonder at all in that.

(Enter Mrs. Fallon, followed by the rest. She is looking back at them as she speaks).

MRS. FALLON.—Telling lies the whole of the people of this town are ; telling lies, telling lies as fast as a dog will trot ! Speaking against my poor respectable man ! Saying he made an end of Jack Smith ! I'm nearly sure I saw Jack Smith a while ago coming down by the gap. My decent comrade ! There is no better man and no kinder man in the whole of the five parishes ! It's little annoyance he ever gave to anyone ! *(Turns and sees him)*. What in the earthly world do I see before me ? Bartley Fallon in charge of the police ! Handcuffs on him ! O Bartley, what did you do at all at all ?

BARTLEY.—O Mary, there has a great misfortune come upon me ! It is what I always said, that if there is ever any misfortune——

MRS. FALLON.—What did he do at all, or is it bewitched I am ?

MAGISTRATE.—This man has been arrested on a charge of murder.

MRS. FALLON.—Whose charge is that ? Don't believe them ! They are all liars in this place ! Give me back my man !

MAGISTRATE.—It is natural you should take his part, but you have no cause of complaint against your neighbours. He has been arrested for the murder of John Smith, on his own confession.

MRS. FALLON.—The saints of heaven protect us ! And what did he want killing Jack Smith ?

MAGISTRATE.—It is best you should know all. He did it on account of a love affair with the murdered man's wife.

MRS. FALLON *(sitting down)*.—With Jack Smith's wife ! With Kitty Keary !—Ochone, the traitor !

THE CROWD.—A great shame, indeed. He is a traitor, indeed.

MRS. TULLY.—To America he was bringing her, Mrs. Fallon.

BARTLEY.—What are you saying, Mary ? I tell you——

MRS. FALLON.—Don't say a word ! I won't listen to any word you'll say ! *(Stops her ears)*. O, isn't he the treacherous villian ? Ochone go deo !

BARTLEY.—Be quiet till I speak ! Listen to what I say !

MRS. FALLON.—Sitting beside me on the ass car coming to the town, so quiet and so respectable, and treachery like that in his heart !

BARTLEY.—Is it your wits you have lost or is it I myself that have lost my wits ?

MRS. FALLON.—And it's hard I earned you, slaving, slaving——and you grumbling, and sighing, and coughing, and discontented, and the priest wore out anointing you, with all the times you threatened to die !

BARTLEY.—Let you be quiet till I tell you !

MRS. FALLON.—You to bring such a disgrace into the parish ! A thing that was never heard of before !

BARTLEY.—Will you shut your mouth and hear me speaking ?

MRS. FALLON.—And if it was for any sort of a fine handsome woman ! but for a little fistful of a woman like Kitty Keary, that's not four feet high hardly, and not three teeth in her head unless she got new ones ! May God reward you, Bartley Fallon, for the black treachery in your heart and the wickedness in your mind, and the red blood of poor Jack Smith that is wet upon your hand !

(*Voice of Jack Smith heard singing*).

The sea shall be dry,
The earth under mourning and ban !
Then loud shall he cry
For the Wife of the Red-haired man !

BARTLEY.—It's Jack Smith's voice—I never knew a ghost to sing before—. It is after myself and the fork he is coming ! (*Goes back. Enter Jack Smith*). Let one of you give him the fork and I will be clear of him now and for eternity !

MRS. TARPEY.—The Lord have mercy on us ! Red Jack Smith ! The man that was going to be waked !

JAMES RYAN.—Is it back from the grave you are come ?

MAGISTRATE.—What is this ? There seems to be something wrong !

POLICEMAN.—There does so.

SHAWN EARLY.—Is it alive you are, or is it dead you are ?

TIM CASEY.—Is it yourself at all that's in it ?

MRS. TULLY.—Is it letting on you were to be dead ?

MRS. FALLON.—Dead or alive, let you stop Kitty Keary, your wife, from bringing my man away with her to America !

JACK SMITH.—It is what I think, the wits are gone astray on the whole of you. What would my wife want bringing Bartley Fallon to America ?

MRS. FALLON.—To leave yourself, and to get quit of you she wanted Jack Smith, and to bring him away from myself. That's what the two of them had settled together.

JACK SMITH.—I'll break the head of any man that says that ! Who is it says it ? (*To Tim Casey*). Was it you said it ? (*To Shawn Early*). Was it you ?

ALL TOGETHER (*Backing and shaking their heads*).—It wasn't I said it !

JACK SMITH.—Tell me the name of any man that said it !

ALL TOGETHER (*Pointing to Bartley*).—It was *him* that said it !

JACK SMITH.—Let me at him till I break his head !

(*Bartley backs in terror. Neighbours hold Jack Smith back*).

JACK SMITH (*Trying to free himself*).—Let me at him ! I'll give him something more to think of than tempting my wife away from me to America ! To leave me and go with Bartley Fallon ! Bartley Fallon ! A pleasant sort of a scarecrow to be crossing the ocean with ! It's back from

the docks of New York he'd be turned! It's likely indeed they'd let the likes of him land, being as he is, without means, without store, without teeth, (*Trying to rush at him again*) without wit, without strength, but with a lie in his mouth and treachery in his heart, and another man's wife by his side and he passing her off as his own! (*Makes another rush but is held back*).

MRS. TULLY.—To have put a prod of a fork through Jack Smith, and left him stretched in the meadow, and to have set his ghost wandering, and to have coaxed away Kitty Keary to America! Well now, wasn't Bartley Fallon a very boastful man to say he did all that?

MAGISTRATE (*Pointing to Jack Smith*).—Policeman, put the handcuffs on this man. I see it all now. A case of false impersonation, a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. There was a case in the Andaman Islands, a murderer of the Mopsa tribe, a religious enthusiast—.

POLICEMAN.—So he might be too.

MAGISTRATE.—We must take both these men to the scene of the murder. We must confront them with the body of the real Jack Smith.

JACK SMITH.—I'll break the head of any man that will find my dead body!

MAGISTRATE.—Call more help from the barracks. (*Policeman whistles*).

BARTLEY.—It is what I am thinking, if myself and Jack Smith are put together in the one cell for the night, the handcuffs will be taken off of him, and his hands will be free, and murder will be done that time surely!

MAGISTRATE.—Come on! (*They turn to the right*).

MRS. TARPEY.—The two of them in charge now, and a great troop of people going by from the fair. Come up here the whole of you! It would be a pity you to be passing, and I not to be spreading the news!

AN FEAR SIUBAIL.

DRÁMA MIORBUILLE ón mbaintigearnain gregóire.

AN AIT—Cirtin tige b'is i mbaile laoi. Dean ann ip i a'g curi ar an mbóro, reála, crúreá, a'gur clár beas i gcóir fuinte.

AN FUIREANN: MÁTAR; PÁIRTE; FEAR SIUBAIL.

PÁISTE—Cao do déanpair leó rúo, a mátar?

MÁTAR—Déanpair mé círte b'ead' den plúr geal. Cuirp' mé ríliní ann. B'éirip' go ndéanpair círte beas ic tómur-ra leir. Féadpair é curi ra corcán beas an pairt do beir' an círte móir a'gá beir'biu'gá' ra corcán móir.

PÁISTE—Nac é an reupal mo dáirí a beir' im'c'ig'ce go 't'í an t-aonac uainn i gcóir Oir'ce Samna.

MÁTAR—Beir' an fear'ra a'gam ar a fion-ran, mar ip meara liom-ra Oir'ce Samna 'n'á don oir'ce eile. Roinnt bliadanta ó foin ar an oir'ce reo ip ead' t'ánas ar 't'áir go 't'í an 't'is reo.

PÁISTE—I'p 't'óca go mbéir' a'g baint na miar 'úo den no'p'óir, ré rin na miara go b'uil na bláta oir'ce; a'gur beir' tú á gcuri ar an mbóro.

MÁTAR—Deao. Cóir'ó'ga mé an t'is in'oiu. Tó'g'at anuair na g'réir'ne ip fear'ri a'gáinn a'gur cuir'at a'c n'í' 'd'á fear'ar ar an mbóro i gcuim'ni'gá' ar an éad' a t'árlair' 'dam i gcom'pair'eam' an lae reo.

PÁISTE—Caoé an t-éad' é rúo?

MÁTAR—I'p amlair' a ruair'gead' mé a t'is go rabar im cáilín aimp'ie ann

PÁISTE—Cá pair' an t'is reo? Innip 'dam mar' g'iol'l air.

MÁTAR [a'g rú'oe 7 a'g ríne a méir'ne ó 'dear]—Cáll annrúo do b'ior im com'nui'oe, i 't'is f'ei'm'eó'ra tuar ar Shlab éad't'is i n-aice le Shlab an Óir.

PÁISTE—Shlab an Óir an ead'! Ní fuláir' nó áit b'ead' ip ead' é rin.

MÁTAR—Ní haon áit ró-b'ead' é go deim'in. Bionn ré lom a'gur fear' go ma'it an taca ro bliadain. Ad' do tugá' an bó'ar 'dam Oir'ce Samna mar' reo, éionn ru'oi' éigin a cuir'ead' im leir.

PÁISTE—A'gur cao do deim'ip ann'poin?

MÁTAR—Cao do b'féirip' 'dam a 'deana'm, ad' an bó'ar a t'abair'ce

oim tríto an mbogad lom i mearc na ngarb-énoc i n-ait ná faib pagáil ar foitin, aet junn gáar na gaoite im éoinnib agur an plutoaid óearg ar mo bpiógaid. Éánag go oti Cill Deagantais . . .

páiste—Bior-ra i gCill Deagantais. Annrúto ip ead puapar na mipeáin a buiréal ó mnaoi an triopa.

máchtair—Gheobá-ra a leitéro uaiti anoir, aet an oirde úto bí a uoir uúnta, bí na uoirre go léir uúnta, agur uo éonnac, tríto na puinneógaib, na buacaili ip na cailini n-a fuirde timceall na teinead ag cleapuirdeact uóib féin agur ní faib pé uo mipead agam doirdeact uo loig oiré; ip amlaid a bí eagla oim gur uóig leó gur beap náipead a bí uéanta agam ip gur b'i pé uéara uam beic ar an mbótar im donar ip oirde.

páiste—Agur ar éánagair annró n-a uiaid-pan?

máchtair—Da éiomáinear oim pan uoiréadar le fánaid an énuic agur tré méro mo buaréa ip a fáro a bí an bótar uo éeir mo neap oim ip ba ró-uóbaip uam tuirim. Uo leagad mé pé uéaid mar uo éánag i gcoinnib éairnin uo élocaib buirce ar éad an bótar.

páiste—Uo gortuigead mo glúin-pe an uair úto a éuitear ar an gcarán éloc.

máchtair—b'in é an uair a éairaid an t-éact uam. Uo éonnac an fear éugam. Fear an-áro uo b'ead é; an fear uo b'feari dá bpeaca-ra uam; é go geal agur go polurmar ar éuma go bpeapá é feicirint tríto an uoiréadar. Bí fíor agam náir uaine gnáca a bí ann.

páiste—Cia'ri b'é féin?

máchtair—Ip é fíleap-ra naé gur b'é Rí na Cpuinne a bí ann.

páiste—An faib coróinn air féib mar uo bíonn ar níg?

máchtair—Má bí ip uo gaoiréaib lom-uairgin a uéinead i, aet uo bí aige i n-a láim éraoiuin glar náir fáir uam ar épann pan traogal ro. Rug pé ar láim oim agur uo ríurruig me treapna an élocáin ar an uéad amuig u'en uoir uo, agur uubairt liom buaid ipéad annró ip go bpuiginn foitin róanta. Uo éadar ar mo glúinib éun a buiréadar a éabairt uó, aet éóg pé aríir mé agur uubairt: "Cuirpead teactaire trát éigin eile uot fíorruagad. Agur má bíir buiréad ná ceangail uo éoirde inrna nioéib a beirim uuit," ar reiran, "aet bioó fáilte agat noime."

páiste—Ar iméig pé leir annroin?

máchtair—Ní bpuairéar maóar air n-a uiaid-pan aet uo uéinear juo air. [Éiruigean n-a fearam agur téiréann go oti an uoir.] Seo mar éánag ipéad. Bí t'atar annrúto n-a fuirde le hair na teinead, agur é n-a donar u'éir báir a mna. Bí uaignear air-rean ip bí uaignear oim-ra, agur uo pórad le éile rinn, agur ní faib uipearba poéna ná coróirio oim-ra ó foim. Agur ba maic an éile ip an coimeáuirde tige uó me.

páiste—An buil teactaire an Ríog tagaité fóir?

máchtair—Níl. Ip minic ó foim u'féadar féin agur t'atar amad an uoir, Oirde Samna ag buair ar go bpeicimír é. Aet tá geallamaint an Ríog féin agam air go uoiréar.

pÁISTE—Tá rúil agam ná tíoceairé ré ran oíðce nuair a beao-ra im coollao.

mÁTÁIR—Ír aih-rian a cuimnigim gac bliadain, an fáro a bím ag cóiriuigad an tige ír ag fuinead círte i gcóir an truípéir.

pÁISTE—Cao do déanfairé ré ar oteact irteac dó?

mÁTÁIR—Ír é meapaim-re ná go tíoceairé ré irteac agus gile ír lonnrao aingil uime. Suidéiré ré annróo ran gcaatoir. Cuirfao-ra fíor ar na cóimurpaim go léir. 'Neófairé mé dóib go bfuil ré annro. Ní beiré ré aca fearra le caiteam liom náir tugar daomá liom ar mo teact annro. Aitneógaio ríao supab uairle mire 'ná éinne aca féin, nuair ír eol dóib cía atá tagaite ar cuairé cuíam. Raíaré ríao go léir ar a nglúinib ag iarfairé a beannaectan. Aet beiré roíga na mbeannaect ar an oíis sup táinís ar cuairé ann dá toil féin.

pÁISTE—An bfuilí cun an círte a déanam anoir, a mÁtair?

mÁTÁIR—Ní fúláir é déanam láitneac nó beiré ré déirdeanac agaimn. Táimíó déirdeanac éana féin. Díor ag brait ar dúine de rna cóimurpaim cun poinnt plúir geal a tabairt cuíam ón mbaile móir. Ní fanfao a tuillead. Seobao ar iaract i mball éigin é. Beiré rinnece i oíis an trnuidéaoíra ír oíðce Diaíroaoir agus ní beiré ríao gan plúir ran tís.

pÁISTE—Ragao-ra let cóir.

mÁTÁIR—Ír fearra dúit fanamaint annro. Bí it leanb maít anoir agus ná bain le rna heapairíob réo ar an mbóro. Suidé annróo le hair an teinteáin, agus bí ag bpire na gcipíní reo a tugar irteac ó éianib. Dein capn beas oíob im cóirí agus beiré ana-teine agaimn ar ball cun an círte a beiríuigad. Feicim-re anoir an 'móó ceann a bupéir. Ná bain le dúl amac an doirur an fáro a beao-ra amuís. Do b'easgal liom tú dúl i ngaobairí don abainn agus i n-a tuile. Fan go rocairí annro. Bí ag cóimurpaim na gcipíní féir marí bupéann tú íao. [Déirdeann rí amac.]

pÁISTE [n-a fúirde agus é ag bupéao na gcipíní tpearna ar a leat-glúin]—A haon agus a dó, Arú féaoíao é reo a bupéao go mion; a haon, a dó, a trí, a ceatáir Tá an ceann ro plúe Ní maít liom cipín plúe, a cúis, a ré ír móir an capn é rin Féacaim an ceann móir ro tá ré ró-éruaré ní dóis liom go bféaoíao Maimí é reo a bupéao do bupéao Daoí é.

[Orcailear an leat-doirur, agus tagann fearí ríubail irteac. Báimín gíobalac aih agus plúaois ar a tríúr. É ceann-noctaité agus cor-noctaité. Cíaoibín glar i n-a leat-láim.]

FEAR SIUBAIL [ag éromao or cionn an leimb agus ag bpeit ar an gcipín]—Tabairí daí-ra é, agus beir-re aih reo. [Cuiréann an éraob beas i láim an páirte.]

pÁISTE—Ír maít an éraob i reo, tá ubla uiré, agus bláta. Tá ubla fóir ar an gcrann ag an muileann, aet o'imtís na bláta go léir fáo ó. Cá bupairí an éraob ro?

FEAR SIUBAIL—Fuaríear i i ngairíao abfao 'r abfao ar ro.

páiste—Cá bfuil an garróda nó cao ar tuit féin?

FEAR SIUBAÍL [a5 rínead a méire ó deap]—Tána5 ón otaob eile de rna cnocai5 úo.

páiste—An ó Sliab an Óir a tangaí?

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Ó Sliab an Óir, rin é an áit go dínead. Bað mait liom ruidé ar mo focnead ar fead tamail.

páiste—Suid annro lem air. Tá ré coirceíte orainn dul i n-aice an búirto nó baint le héin-níð, nó beað fear5 ar mo máimí. Tá mo máimí cun círte áluinn a déanam, círte a beað oirneamnac o'aingeal óa ota5að cu5ainn i gcóir ruidéir.

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Suidrao-ra ic focair annro ar an uirlár. [Suidéann.]

páiste—Innir dam ruo éigin i otaob an tirléibe reo an óir.

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Tá garróda ann a5ur tá crann a5 páp ran ngarróda úo go mbíonn toréa a5ur bláta air ran an gceáona.

páiste—Féib mar atá ar an gcráoib reo.

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Dínead féib mar atá ar an gcráoibín rin.

páiste—Cao iao na ruoái eile atá ran ngarróda úo?

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Tá éanlaít ann de 5ac oad a5ur bío a5 ceileabair go binn 5ac uair den ló i rli5e ir go otiocpar cun uirnuíte a ráð. a5ur tá balla áro móir éimceall an garróda.

páiste—a5ur cionnur a 5abtar trío an mballa?

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Tá ceíte 5eata inr an mballa, mar atá, 5eata óir a5ur 5eata air5io, 5eata crioirtail ir 5eata fionnroiuinne.

páiste [a5 bheít ar na cipínib]—Déanrao-ra garróda. Déanraíð mé balla le rna cipínib reo.

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Bíod an mairde móir ro mar balla díob. [Tó5aio ceapnós le cipínib.]

páiste [a5 bheít ar an gcráoib]—Cuirfid mé i reo i lár buill ann. Ir i reo an crann. 5eoba ruo éigin a coimeádraíð i n-a fearaí i. [éiru5eann i n-a fearaí a5ur féacann ar an noioir.] Ní féadaim bheít air; éiru5-re a5ur tabair dam an crúra 5eal úo [éiru5eann an fear siubail a5ur tu5ann oó an crúra.]

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Seo tuit é. [Cuiréann an páirte leatpí5 de ballaib na ceapnóige a5ur cuiréann an éraob n-a fearaí ann.]

páiste—Innir dam ruo éigin eile atá inran ngarróda úo.

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Tá ceíte cinn de éobracáib uirce ann a5ur iao com 5léinnead le gloine.

páiste—Tós anuar na cupáin úo go bfuil na bláta oréa, deanraimíð tobraéa díob. [Tó5ann ré anuar iao.] Anoir déanraí na 5eataí; tabair dam na miara úo i gcóir 5eataí; ná bac na cinn 5rānóda úo; feað, na cinn deara tuar. . . . [Tó5ann ré anuar iao, 7 cuirio i gcóir 5eataí iao ar ceíte reoabail na ceapnóige. éiru5eann an páirte a5ur féacann air.]

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Sin é é; tá ré críochnuigé a5at.

páiste—An bfuil ré com deap leir an ngarróda eile úo? Cionnur a ra5am go oti Sliab an Óir cun an garróda eile o'feicpinc?

FEAR SIUBAÍL—Ra5am a5 marcaí5eac ann.

pÁISTE—áēt níl don éapall aḡainn.

FEAR SIUBAIL—bíod an fuarima ro i n-a éapall aḡainn. [Tarraingseann fuarima ar an gcúinne. Téiréann aḡ marcaigeadt ari aḡur tóḡann an páirte ari a béalaid.] Seo cun riubail rínn. [Cíomann ari amhán.]

Raḡam ari rḡáir ve báiri na ḡcnoc
ari éapall éotíom éóiri
maí a mbí na páirce ir áilne oāt
ir éin aḡ cantain ceóil.

Currá : [ḡabann an páirte n-a óiad é.]

ḡeoc a éapall, ḡeoc, ḡeoc,
ḡeoc a éapall éóiri ;
Raḡam anoir ve báiri na ḡcnoc
ir ḡeoc a éapall éóiri.

FEAR SIUBAIL—Cionnur ari éaitn ré riúo leat, a márcaiḡ bḡ ?

pÁISTE—Cíomáin leat ! ḡneap eile !

FEAR SIUBAIL—[aḡ amhán.]

Raḡam ari rḡáir ḡan rán ná a éríis
fé óéin ériann-uball na ḡcoíáct
's ḡo bréicrimír n-a luiḡe ari an noíúct
na cáirne o'ubla ári ḡcói.

Currá : [ḡabann an leand n-a óiad é.]

pÁISTE—ir ḡearri uainn Sliab an Óiri anoir. Seo, ḡneap eile
bímir aḡ amhán

FEAR SIUBAIL [aḡ amhán]—

Raḡam éari íreal raḡam éari áro
ir cloirpam ḡáirta ríóḡ
ir áilne aḡ mīt le mīre ari rán
San ḡḡaríóá neáíóá nóḡ.

Currá. [ḡabann an páirte n-a óiad é.]

pÁISTE—Seo ḡneap eile anoir. . . .

FEAR SIUBAIL—ir é reo an ceann veiréannaḡ, máiréad Veiré
ana-ḡneap, aḡainn ve. . . . [Taḡann an máirai irtead. Féacann oíḡa ari fead
noímit. Cairteann a boíeáto uairi ; veiréann ari an bráirte ḡ ríobannn léi é.]

MÁIRAI—An bréacaió éinne ríam a leiréito ! bacac vealb, fear
riubail na mbóirce, aḡur mo leand-ra ari a bacalainn aige ! buail amac
ar roin, pé hé tu féin, aḡur rás an tíḡ reo, nó ḡlaotíra-ra ari óuine a
cuiríó fíacaió oíḡ imteáct ḡo meari.

pÁISTE—Ná cuir amac é ! ní haon oíoc-óuine é. Fear mair íreao
é. bí ré aḡ múineao marcaigeadta óam-ra. Tá amháin breagta aige
. . . .

MÁIRAI—Imtígeao ré ar ro láircead, é féin aḡur a cuir amhán.
Feac mair tá oí bráircein-re raluigte aige o'ér oam é níḡe ari mairin.

pÁISTE—bí ré 'om coimeáto ari muin an éapall. Bíomair aḡ mar-
caigeadt. Do cuirínn-re mara mbeao ḡo raió ḡneim aige oíḡ.

MÁIRAI—Veirim m'íocat uirt ḡo brúilí ríó le marcaigeadt fearra.

Ḥabab ré a bócar uainn. Níl uain aḡam cún beit aḡ ḡlanab na háite i nriaró a leitéro.

páiste—Tá ré corḡta. Panab ré annro ḡo trápóna.

FEAR SIUBAIL—Leos dam ruibe annro ḡo fóil. Táim o'éir airḡin faoa a cūr díom.

máchtair—An faoa a tángaír inriu?

FEAR SIUBAIL—Tánaḡ tar ḡliab eaétiḡe, ó ḡliab an óiri. Ní riab tiḡ ar an mbócar ḡo b'féarḡainn rḡao ann. 'Oo riubluigear bócar faoa an bogaiḡ; bí rinn na ḡaoite im coinnib; ní riab faḡail ar foitin aḡam; aḡur ir tróm a bí pluabó deariḡ an bócar ar mo córaiḡ. Ní riab fáilte riomáin inriḡa bailtib beaḡa, aḡur tánaḡ cún na háite reo, torac na habann i mbáile Laoi.

máchtair—b'féarḡa duit imteaéct oir ḡo oti an mbáile móir. Ní ró-faoa ar fo é. b'féoiri ḡo mbeab daoine ar cuairi aḡainne annro anoéct. [Cuireann riinnt plúir ran rḡála ḡ ciomann ar ruineab.]

FEAR SIUBAIL—Tabairi dam beaḡán den taor úo cún é b'reit liom. Ir faoa atáim 'om trorḡab.

máchtair—Ní minic i riḡ na bliabóna do d'einim-re a leitéro reo o'arán. Tá carnán de b'rátib ruarḡ annróo ar an nororúr. Ná beoir-rúo maiḡ do bócar duit? Ir 'móo ruine ann ḡur maiḡ leir iao o'faḡail.

FEAR SIUBAIL—Ré ruo a tḡgann tú dam, ḡlaḡaró é.

máchtair [téirḡeann ḡo oti an nororúr i ḡcoiri na b'rátaí ḡ féacann ruar air]—Cao o'imtiḡ ar na ḡnéirḡe ariú? Cá b'ruil na c'úrcáí ir na miara? Bíodari ḡo léiri rlán annro aḡur mé aḡ uol amaé ó éianaiḡ.

páiste [aḡ c'omaó a éinn]—ḡarrióa a bí á d'éanaiḡ aḡainn leó. An ḡarrióa úo tal ra ḡcúinne.

máchtair—An mar rin a d'einir o'éir dam a aitinḡ oir beit it ruibe aḡur panamaint rocar! D'éanaró tú éangal ran ḡcaḡaoiri an éao uair eile. O mo c'úrcáí b'reaḡta. [Tóḡann den uiláir aḡur ḡlanann iao.] Aḡur na miara a éannuigear an éao uair riari a cuabari ar m'arḡab ḡoir inre ḡuairḡ; bíodari ar an earraró a b'féari ra triora. [Sleamnuigeanḡ miar ar a láim aḡur b'irḡari é i ḡcoinnib an uiláir.] Féac air rin anoir. Féac cao tá d'éanta aḡat. [Tḡgann clabḡós don leanb.]

FEAR SIUBAIL—Ná cuir a milleán ar an leanb mboéct. Mire a bain den nororúr iao.

máchtair [aḡ iompóó air]—Turá an eab? Cao cuigḡ duit-re é d'éanaiḡ. Síoe an uair d'eiruó ḡo mbeir ré de caetamlaéct aḡe bacac nó aḡe tuinnceiri nó aḡe riḡairḡe bócar láim a leaḡab ar ruo ré iao an tiḡe reo. Fé ḡlariḡ ir eab bab córa duit a beit. Cao do tḡḡ oir bainḡ leir an nororúr i n-éan cóir? An amlaiḡ a bír a o'iarriaró ruo éirḡin o'féarḡá árḡuḡab leat.

FEAR SIUBAIL [aḡ b'reit ar oá láim an páirḡe]—Níor féadar an t-eiteac a tabairḡ don oá láim reo a bí rinḡe amaé cuḡam. Oá mb'é ḡaoḡ na ḡceirḡe n-áro o'iarri na láma neam-ḡruaillḡe reo oim, cuirḡinn a riuaḡta ar a d'éarriain aḡe.

MÁTAR [as breit ar an gcúrsa agus as caiteam, na cnaoibhe ar an uirlár]—
Bailig leat ar po! Bailig leat ar po a veim leat! Ní bfuigió do
leiteo-re poitin annro! Féac an plúdaio go léir ar an uirlár! Ní fiú
tu teacht i dtig thúine muinte sibialta. [Téiréann an peompa i n-oirceadur.]

FEAR SIUBAIL—Ir mó a caiteigim i gcóir potha féalta na rpeipe 'ná
vion tigte. Ir minic a caitear oirde i mearc na lom-énoc.

MÁTAR—Ni hiongnadó liom poim. [Ciomann ar an uirlár a scuabao.]
Sead, bailig leat ar po agus iméig ort go dtí an gcuirdeactain ir fearr ir
eól duit, pé áit i bfuilro. Ir é ir dóicige gur upoc-fagar iad, gadoirde
agus meirceoirí agus mná gan náipe.

FEAR SIUBAIL—b'féoirí rin. Meirceoirí agus gadoirde agus mná
gan náipe: galláin atá d'eir tuicim ir go mbícar as raitailt oirde; luét
cneáda agus oiruir; luét véanta troicair; luét peacairde a véanar; luét
na buile, luét na boctaineact, luét na n-oirce-ghnóm . . .

MÁTAR—Bailig leat, a veim, agus gluar ort as triall ar do
daoimib muinteardá féin.

FEAR SIUBAIL—Imteógad. Ragad amac ar an mbócar móir mar a
riublaio copá nocta na mboct agus na leanbaí neam-élaon. Ragad as
triall ar na cairtpeada ir ar pinn na gaoite, ar gáircaigil ir ar dian-
béicir an anfaite. [Gadann amac.]

PÁISTE—Tá pé tapéir a cnaobín a deapúad [beiréann air agus leanann é.]

MÁTAR [as sol]—Ó, mo míara breagda á mbaint den n-oirce-ghnóm agus
plúdaig deapú ar an uirlár; na cipíní reairite oim. [Ciomann sí éun iad a
bailiúad.] . . . Cáir iméig an leand ro? . . . [Téiréann go dtí an oiruir.]
Ní féicim i n-éan-bail é. Ní féoirí gur pé véin na habann a cuair pé. . .
Tá pé as dul i n-oirceact. Tá an bpuac ana-pleamain. . . Tap i
leit, tap i leit éugam. Cá bfuilí? [Riteann an páiste irfac.]

MÁTAR—Cá rabair ariú. Bí eagla m'anma oim go rabair iméigte
pé véin na habann—no b'féoirí irteac inni.

PÁISTE—Do cuadúar n-a díad, act bí pé iméigte tap abainn.

MÁTAR—Níor b'féoirí do poim. Ní féatpad pé dul trío an dtuile.

PÁISTE—Cuair pé táirí máiread. O'iméig pé féib mar bead pé as
riubal ar an uirce. Bí solur éigin poime. Bí mar bead coite beas
solur pé n-a coir.

MÁTAR—Ni féatpad poim a beic amlaio. Cao do cuir an rmaoineam
poim it éann.

PÁISTE—Do glaeúar air éun teact tap n-air i gcóir na cnaoibhe.
O'iompuig pé mar a raib ran abainn, agus dubairt liom é tabairt tap
n-air liom agus i cairpeaint duit féin. "Abair léi," ar reiréan, "gurad é
comairtá mo teactairpeacta é."

MÁTAR [as glaeú na cnaoibhe]—Tá torca agus bláca uirí i n-éimpeact!
Ní cnaob de émann traogalta i. [Téiréann sí ar a gláimib.] Tá pé iméigte,
mo cneac, Ó agus níor aithneag é. Níor cuiréar fáilte poime. Tá pé
iméigte uaim go bráct. B'é riú teactairpe Rioz na Cpuinne. **TÓRNA.**

[All rights of the two Plays in this number of "Samhain" are reserved here and in America].

Maunsel & Co.'s New Books.

Mr. Yeats' New Book—

POEMS: 1899—1905. By W. B. Yeats. 6s. net. (Ready December,)

JUST PUBLISHED.

INNOCENCIES; a Book of Verse. By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net.

DAN THE DOLLAR. A New Irish Novel. By Shan F. Bullock. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Prose Works by W. B. Yeats—

A Cheap issue for sale in Ireland (by arrangement with Mr. A. H. Bullen). Crown 8vo. Cloth 3s. net per volume.

THE CELTIC TWILIGHT. THE SECRET ROSE. IDEAS OF GOOD AND EVIL.

THE MASK OF APOLLO, AND OTHER STORIES.

By Æ. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

bláta fíaoic (Heather Blossoms) a Volume of Verse in Irish and English. By *niat mac gíolla dhíogae*. 6d. net.

THE TOWER PRESS BOOKLETS. Reprints and Unpublished Works by living Irish Writers. Edited by Seamus O'Sullivan and James Connolly.

To be issued monthly from 1st January, 1906. The first six numbers will be by Æ, George Moore, John Eglington, Fred Ryan, T. Keohler, and Ella Young. Subscription for six numbers, 5s., post free. Prospectus on application.

Abbey Theatre Series. Crown 8vo. 1s. net per Vol.

Vol. I. THE WELL OF THE SAINTS. By J. M. Synge.

Vol. II. KINCORA. By Lady Gregory.

Vol. III. THE LAND. By Padraic Colum.

***Vol. IV. THE HOUR GLASS. KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN, A POT OF BROTH.** By W. B. Yeats.

***Vol. V. THE KING'S THRESHOLD.** By W. B. Yeats.

***Vol. VI. ON BAILE'S STRAND.** By W. B. Yeats.

Vol. VII. THE BUILDING FUND. By William Boyle.

IN PREPARATION.

Vol. VIII. THE WHITE COCKADE. By Lady Gregory.

Vol. IX. BROKEN SOIL. By Padraic Colum.

* By arrangement with Mr. Bullen (for sale in Ireland).

SAMHAIN. An occasional Review, Edited by W. B. Yeats, containing Notes and Opinions by the Editor.

SPREADING THE NEWS, a comedy by Lady Gregory, and *An fear Siubail*, a miracle play by Lady Gregory, put into Irish by *taos ó Donnchada*. Price, 6d. net.

IN PREPARATION—

THE MEMOIRS OF MILES BYRNE.

Edited by Stephen Gwynn. 2 Vols. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

These memoirs, written by a veteran of the French Army in the close of his life, were originally published in Paris, and make one of the rarest and most interesting of books on Ireland. They contain a graphic description of the Wexford Rebellion and the Emmet Rising, in both of which Byrne took a leading part, and a complete history of Napoleon's Irish Regiment.

MAUNSEL & CO., LTD., 60 Dawson Street, Dublin.

Maunsell & Co's New Books

Mr Yeats' New Book -

POEMS, 1892-1908. By W. B. Yeats. 35. net. (Ready December.)

INNOCENCIES; a Book of Verse. By Katharine Tynan. 15. 6d.

DAN THE DOLLAR. A New Irish Novel. By Sean T. O'Casey. 6s. 8vo. 25. 6d.

Prose Works by W. B. Yeats -

A Cheap Lane for sale in Ireland (by arrangement with Mr. H. H. Holland). 1 crown. 8vo. Cloth. 15. net. 10. 6d.

THE CELTIC TWILIGHT, THE SECRET ROSE, IDEAS OF GOOD AND EVIL.

THE MASK OF APOLLO AND OTHER STORIES. By W. B. Yeats. 8vo. 25. 6d. net.

MacFlinn's Heather Presences; a Volume of Verse in Irish and English. By MacFlinn. 8vo. 6d. net.

THE TOWER PRESS BOOKLET. Second Series. Second Volume. By Living Irish Writers. Second Series. Second Volume. By Living Irish Writers.

Abbey Theatre Series. Crown 8vo. 15. net. Vol. I. THE WELL OF THE SAINTS. By J. M. Synge. Vol. II. KUNCORA. By Lady Gregory. Vol. III. THE LAND. By Padraic Colum. Vol. IV. THE HOUR GLASS. KATHLEEN HOULIHAN, A POT OF BROTH. By W. B. Yeats. Vol. V. THE KING'S THRESHOLD. By W. B. Yeats. Vol. VI. ON BAILE'S STRAIT. By W. B. Yeats. Vol. VII. THE BUILDING FUND. By William Boyle.

Vol. VIII. THE WHITE COCKADE. By Lady Gregory. Vol. IX. BROKEN SOIL. By Padraic Colum.

SAMBAIN. An Occasional Review. Edited by W. B. Yeats. containing Notes and Comments by the Editor.

SPREADING THE NEWS, a comedy by Lady Gregory, with four songs, a miracle play by Lady Gregory, with four songs, a miracle play by Lady Gregory, with four songs.

THE MEMOIRS OF MILES HYPNE.

MAUNSELL & CO. LTD., 65, Dawson Street, Dublin.

PN
2600
S3
1905
Nov.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
